

moment on stage was when, as Tybalt, he won the sword-fight with Romeo and ended the play two acts early.

Sylvia had seen him in Stop the Wagon, I Want to Get Off. She hated him, but she didn't think much of the show. When she went back to the office to type up the review, Mike, the editor, was there.

"Hi, Mike," she breathed passionately.

"Hi," he answered without emotion.

Out on the street, Louie gazed at the sky. His raggedy bum clothes were damp with dampness. His old bum shoes were on his feet. One hand in a litter basket, the other in his ear, he looked steadily at the sky without pausing in his activity.

"Yup," he said reflectively. "Looks like rain."

The End

Rapencils

A fyn yung fella was once marriage to this pregnable womin who had a crazing to eat the witches garden. As hir hasbeen could not refrain her from clamming over the witches wall, he had to go into the garden to get her out. The witch cot him and sed, "Okay, fren. Wot is yer game drubbing aboot in my garden with a pregnable womin eating on all floors?"

"Pleez, owld thing, let my wrife has her fill of garden as she is indeed garryon a feet us will soomday be a lufly yung laydee naymed by the naym of Rapencils."

"Yer owld womin ken eat her film of guardian if an onlee if yoo gif me yer wombful of Rapencils wen it gits bon."

"Oh, all rite," sayed the hasbeen of Rapencil's mom, "but just get out of the carrots, pleez, your standing on my wives fingers." So the wife ate all the guardon and and delivered a child to the witch, c.o.d., wen it got bon.

Sure enuf the witch locked up the Rapencils in a tower

an onlee let her play brij on Thursdays. All day long poor Rapencils wood sit in the tower and put togezzer modals, lonelee and sore ass she was always sitting down, while the witch fooled around with her farther over the wall.

Soon a prints came to the garding for some peppers and saw her up in the tower and put an erection up against the wall to clam up to Rapencils who was saw by a prints who came to the garding to get some peepers and saw her in the tower where she was when the prints came and saw her there.

"Clam up my hare!" she cried, throwing her long hairy out the windy and he did. When he got up he helped her put twogather modles and rub down her ass she was all the day sitting down.

When the witch came hoam, she say, "Throw down your hairy Rapencils, Rapencils!" But none came down. Once again she sed, "You debb and duff? Get yore hare out that windy or isle fix your ramp, yer two bit sluff!" But still no heir came down. The witch blew up from sheer prostration and little did she know that Rapencils had been did by the prints who was in all realism Earnestly Ryme, alias Jack the Nipple, the nofarious sex meanie of Shamrock Wolmbs fame, who had escaped in traffic via his erection which stood still at the wall and is standing still.

The End

The Challenge

John looked intently at the chess board. He lifted his queen, a piece hand-carved from a brazil nut, and stupidly moved it stupidly. John, looking intently at the chess board, raised his knight, a piece also hand-carved from a brazil nut, and wisely moved it wisely, capturing John's pawn, another piece hand-carved from a brazil nut.

John took the challenge. He moved the queen to king's bishop six and won the game awkwardly.

"Well," said John, "I've been beat with my own walnuts!"